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THE SOULS HARMONY.

BY
NICHOLAS BRETON.

The Eleventh Edition.

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Who ever thov Art that rea
dest thease vercies folowin
imprin them in thy heart
And makè A good aplicati
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things Amen

RICHARD WHITE
HIS BOOKE
1677

To the Right Honourable

and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Sarah* t *Hastings*, *Nicholas Breton* wisheth all ...pineſs in this World, and Eternal Joys hereafter.

Right Honourable, Your Zealous Love to Divine Studies, hath made the Muſes of that Nature to preſent your Favour with the Beſt Fruits of their Deligths, which the Exerciſe of their Spiritual Contemplations, ve brought forth theſe Comfortable Meditations; hich bound up in this little Volumn, they have eſumed with my Service, to preſent to your good adyſhip, beſeeching the ſame, with that good avour to accept them, that may under Heaen be the greateſt Grace, that they deſire unto

them: It is entituled, The Harmony of the Soul: *Who in the Gracious Thoughts of Gods Bleſſing, and Humble Talk with his mercy, thinks her ſelf half in Heaven before ſhe comes there: Where, after that you have paſſed a happy Pilgrimage here on this Earth, God ſend you the Eternal Felicity of the Faithful.*

Your Ladiſhips in all humbleneſs,

NICHOLAS BRETON

GOD.

GOD.

GRace in all glories height,
On whom all glories wait,
Deſcribes my joys conceit.

JESUS.

JOy in the higheſt of the height of joy,
Holding the ſtate of the Celeſtial glory,
Eternal life that doth all deaths deſtroy,
Son to that grace, that makes the Fathers glory.
Unmatched power, in mercies princely might,
Such is the ſubſtance of my Souls delight.

CHRIST.

Clear is the Sun that doth for ever ſhine,
Heavenly that light that gives all eyes their ſeeing,
Royal that Crown which never can decline,
Imperious power, that gives all powers their being:
Such is the power, the crown, the light, the Sun,
That never ends, where glory firſt begun.

My souls loves life, and lifes loves souls delight
how highly are thy holy Angels blest,
That in thy grace enjoy the glorious sight,
Wherein the sum of all their joy doth rest?

What heavenly musick may those muses sing,
who set their comfort by thy sacred skill,
And Angels quavers makes the Quire to ring,
while vertues ayr do all the voices fill.

How may those spirits be with joy possest,
that may be ravisht with this royal sight;
Where Peter saw, and in his seeing blest,
my souls lives love, & loves lives souls delight?

O blessed Peter, blest in such a seeing, (being.
Well might he sing, Sweet Lord here is good

O Gracious God, and Lord of mercies might,
why do I live amid this world of woes?
When every day doth seem to me as night,
while sorrows seek my spirits overthrows.

I hear thy word, and would obey thy will,
but want the power that might perform my due,
I know the good, and fain would leave the ill,
and fear the sorrow that doth sin ensue.

And yet I fall into that depth of sin,
that makes me fear the judgement of thy wrath,
Until thy grace doth all my help begin,
to know what comfort Faith in mercy hath.

Oh blessed light that shews in mercies eye,
While faith doth live that love can never dye.

LOrd, when I think how I offend thy Will,
And know what good is in obedience to it,
And see my hurt, and yet continue still,
In doing ill, and cannot leave to do it.

And then again, do feel that bitter smart,
That inward breeds of pleasure after pain,
When scarce the thought is entred in my heart,
But it is gone, and sin gets in again.

And when again the act of sin is past,
And that thy grace doth call it back again,
Then in my tears I run to thee as fast,
And of my sins, and of my self complain.

What can I do but cry, sweet Jesus save me,
For I am nothing, but what thou would have me.

O Lord that liveſt in that life of life,
Which all thou art, art of thy ſelf alone;
Whoſe ſacred word is that ſouls-cutting knife,
That doth divide the marrow from the bone.

O glorious God of grace and mercy more,
Then heart and ſoul is able to conceive:
And ſeeſt the tears that mercy doth emplore,
And wilt not faith in fears diſcomfort leave.

My God, my Lord, my ſouls lives deareſt love,
How ſo my ſins have thy diſpleaſure moved;
Let my ſouls tears thy glorious mercies move,
To take me feel, how faith may be beloved,

That being ſet from ſin and ſorrow free,
I may not ceaſe to ſing in praiſe of thee.

My heavenly love from that high Throne of thine,
Where gracious mercy sits in glories seat,
In that true pitty of thy power Divine,
That dryes the tears that mercy doth intreat.

Behold, sweet Lord, these bleeding drops of love,
That melt my soul in sorrow for my sin;
And let these showers some drops of mercy move,
That in my grief my comfort may begin.

Let not despair confound my praying hope,
That begs an alms at thy mercies gate:
But let thy grace thy hand of mercy ope,
That comfort yields, which never comes too late.

That in the care of my consuming grief,
My joyful soul may sing of thy relief.

Oh

OH that my soul were purified so,
It might no more be subject unto sin:
And that my care might only seek to know,
How humble grace doth mercies love begin!
Oh, that my thoughts, my words, and deeds were such,
As might not swerve from my dear saviours will,
And that my truth might never have a tuch,
Or false conceit, for to excuse mine ill.

And that the world were unto me a hell:
But where I see his saints, in their loves service,
And I might dye, till I might live to dwell,
In some such place, to do some pleasing office.

That he might be, who doth my death destroy,
All above all, and all in all, my joy.

The

The Souls Harmony.

The worldly Prince doth in his Scepter hold,
A kind of heaven in his Authorities,
The wealthy miser in his mals of gold,
Makes to his soul a kind of Paradise.

The Epicure that eats and drinks all day,
Accounts no heaven but in his hellish routs:
And she, whose beauty seems a sunny day,
Makes up her heaven with her babies clouts.

But my sweet God, I seek no Princes power,
No misers wealth, no beauties fading glosse,
Which pamper sin, whose sweets are inward sowr,
And sozzy gains that breed the spirits losse.

No, my dear Lord, let my heaven only be,
In my loves service but to live to thee.

O God, forgive the greatnes of my sin,
I am not worthy to implore thy grace;
The loathsome stink as I lye tumbling in,
With filthy shame hath covered all my face.

I have deserv'd the depth of all thine Ire,
To know thy will, yet wilfully offend:
My soul deserves in the eternal fire,
To feel the torment that shall never end.

But Lord, thy mercy is above thy wrath,
Thou dost not joy to see a sinners death,
And true repentance in thy mercy hath,
The blessed God that give the spirit breath.

Where praying hope, in heart can perish never,
While humble heart doth live in joy for ever.

What

What is the gold of all this world but dross,
The joy but sorrow, and the pleasure pain,
The wealth but beggery, and the gain but loss,
The wit but folly, and the vertue vain:

The power but weakness, and but death the life,
The hope but fear, and the assurance doubt,
The truth deceit, the concord but a strife,
Where one conceit doth put another out.

Time but an instant, and the use a toil,
The knowledge blindness, and the care a madness,
The silver lead, the Diamond but a soil,
The rest but trouble, and the mirth but sadness.

Thus since to heaven compar'd the earth is such,
What thing is man, to love the world so much.

Oh

O Y would man think but on the world of joy,
Which in the heavens the chosen shall receive,
And then again upon this worlds annoy,
Where hellish baits the wicked do deceive.

Would he but look upon the Angels graces,
The Paradises of their heavenly pleasures,
And then upon the Devils ugly faces,
Wish all their torment endless without measures.

would men thus make a difference in their minds,
'Twixt light and darkness, and the day & night:
Then would sin dye, that with derision blinds,
The eye of nature from her blessed sight.

And man would love the good, and hate the evil,
And honour God, and tread upon the Devil.

Some

SOme heavenly Muse come help me sing,
In glory of my heavenly King:
And from some holy Angels wing,
Where graces do for feathers spring:
Oh bring my hand one blessed pen,
To write beyond the reach of men.

Let all the subject be of grace,
Where mercy set in glorious place,
Doth stand before that shining face,
That makes all other beauties base:
That heaven and earth may see the wonder,
That puts all wayth and wonders under.

Let vertues only set the grounds,
Where grace but all of glory sounds,
Where mercy heals the spirits wounds,
Where faith the fear of death confounds:
That heaven and earth may joy to hear,
The musick of the Angels quire.

O Tell the world, no tongue can tell,
How that joy doth all joys excel;
Where blessed souls set free from Hell,
In mercy do with glory dwell:
And with the Saints and Angels sing;
In glory of their heavenly King.

Sink not a note beneath the sence
Of glories highest Excellence:
And keep unto that holy tence,
Where Heaven have all their honour hence:
The Seraphins may clap their wings,
To hear how grace of glory sings.

Oh, let the Sun in brightness shine,
And never let the Moon decline,
And every star his light resign,
Before that blessed light divine;
Of whom, in whom, from whom alone,
They have their shining every one.

LEt all the Azure sky be clear,
And not a misty cloud come near;
But all that brightest light appear,
Where Angels make their merry chear;
And all the troup of heavens may see,
Where all the joys of heaven may be.

Let Phœbus in his brightnes stay,
And drive the darksome night away,
And Virgins, Saints, and Angels play,
While Martyrs keep high holy-day;
And all the Host of heaven accord,
To sing in glory of the Lord.

Let all the year be Summers spring,
And Nightingales, all birds that sing,
And all the fruits that grow on spring,
Be brought unto this glorious King;
With all their colours and their sweets,
Before his feet to strow the streets.

Let

LEt Honey dews perfume the Ayr,
That all may be both sweet and fair,
That may with mercies leave repair,
Unto the seat of glorious Chair.
That every thing may fitting fall,
Unto the glory of them all.

Let all the hearts, the souls, the minds,
That wisdom unto vertue binds,
And breeds but of those blessed kinds,
That gracious love in glory finds;
Agree together all in one,
To glorifie our God alone.

And when they all in turn are set,
And in their sweetest musick met,
And highest skill the note hath set,
Where grace may highest glory get;
My ravisht soul in mercy then,
May have but leave to sing, Amen.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

PRaise in the highest of the height of praise,
strain up thy heart unto thy spirits note;
There in the worth where all thy wonder stays,
write to the wits of all the world to quote.

Tell them, oh tell them, that thou canst not tell
what grace and glory thy dear God deserveth,
Whose excellence all excellence doth excell,
while him alone all excellency serveth.

Life, love, truth, power, grace, pitty, bounty, glory,
health, comfort, wisdom, vertue, mercy, peace;
These in the state of the celestial story
do sound the song that shall never cease,

whose holy praises to more height arise,
Than earth to heaven, or Angels can devise.

Gloria in excelsis deo.

O That my heart could hit upon a strain,
Would strike the musick of my souls desire;
Or that my soul could find that sacred vein,
That sets the comfort of the Angels Quier.

Or that the spirit of etherial grace,
That cannot stop beneath the state of heaven,
Within my soul should take his settled place,
With Angels wings to make his glory even.

Then would the name of my most gracious King,
And glorious God in higher tunes be sounded,
Of heavenly praise, then earth hath power to sing,
Where heaven & earth, & angels are confounded.
And souls may sing, while all heart-strings are broken,
His praise is more than can in praise be spoken.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

When Job had lost his children, lands, & goods,
Patience did kill the poison of his pain:
And when his sorrow came as fast as floods,
Hope kept his heart, till comfort came again.

When Davids life by Saul was often sought,
And worlds of crosses compast him about,
Yet was his spirit never over-wrought,
But in his woes hope still did help him out.

When the sore Cripple by the road did lie,
Full many a year in misery and pain,
His heart on Christ no sooner set his eye,
But tears mov'd grace, and all was well again.

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No Job, no David, Cripple more in grief,
Christ give me patience, and my hope relief.

FINIS.

SAP 58

The Royall Oake

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